

Bishop Lawrence Scanlan

By C. C. Goodwin.

THE writer met him first in a stage coach in Nevada between Eureka and Palisade, forty-four years ago.

He was long and gaunt, as unsophisticated among the turbulent men that were plenty in Nevada in those days as would have been a young girl who had passed all her life in a convent. But he was alert to all that was passing, and the few words he spoke revealed a fiery zeal and a supreme faith. One passenger in the coach whispered to another: "He knows just how St. Patrick felt when he landed in Ireland."

His face showed that he was half shocked and half bewildered, but there were no signs of faltering. It was clear that he had consecrated his life and his life work to the cause of the Master and exulted in the thought of the sacrifices and the hardships in store for him. While he was awkward and almost uncouth, still physically he was lithe as a tiger and when he grasped anything in his hand, it was the grasp of a gladiator.

We learned later that in school he was given the same room that Robert Emmett in his youth had occupied. The memories that clung about that room intensified his belief that man should shrink from no duty no matter what sacrifice might be exacted in fulfilling its requirements.

His education finished, so far as the schools went, he chose the desert for his field and went to Nevada.

He located in Pioche when it was the wildest camp of the west. There he lived in a cabin and for a time was his own cook when he had anything to cook. At last some of the men of his creed discovered his condition and thereafter saw that he had such comforts as the camp offered.

From Nevada he came to Utah. It was merely a widening of his work. His life and his work here are known to all this western country. It has been incessant toil and all for the Master. When in recognition of his ability and faithfulness he was made a bishop, our belief is that the only thrill of joy the promotion gave him came of the thought that as bishop he could better serve the Master by serving the people in a wider field. Under him the great cathedral grew into place—a fine hospital took form under his guidance. One of his first works was the founding of two great schools and the establishment of an orphan asylum for children—indeed his toil for more than a generation was tireless as is the processions of the stars.

As characteristic of his ways it will be remembered, that when a delegation of his creed called upon him and expressed the belief that a new and finer place of worship than the little old church on Second East street should be provided, his answer, in substance was: "For the Master's sake, I would like to build Him a house fairer than any temple of antiquity, but our little

church is better than would be a great house plastered by a debt. It rests with you, bring me your offerings and you shall have a great cathedral if you can pay for it but there must be no indebtedness."

In the old stormy days when the clashing were on here, he took no direct part, but he moved amid the contending factions with a bearing which at once disarmed criticism and showed by example what an unvarying adherence to duty should be.

Thus he toiled here for two score years. The vehemence of youth was chastened down into the serene dignity of middle age; then old age began to steal upon him and deepened until only his heart remained young.

For some months past it has been clear to those who loved him that his work was nearly finished. And now the end has come, and it is a comfort to read that so soft were the footsteps of the brother of Sleep and so gentle was his touch upon the blameless bishop's lips, that it did not drive away the smile that rested there.

He will be greatly mourned here in all the intermountain states; very sorrowfully will he be given up, but our belief is that when his spirit reached its place of rest the harps with muted strings played soft welcome, and flowers burst through the golden floor and blossomed at his feet.

Huerta and Mexico

THAT old ruffian Huerta occupies a page or more of a great eastern daily explaining that if his countrymen are engaged in a little revolution, still they are a patriotic people and no outside power has a right to intervene.

His article is singularly ingenious. He forgets to mention that if about one thousand of the malcontents that are playing havoc down there were taken out and shot the revolution would be quelled. He forgets, too, that for a hundred years, except when Juarez and Diaz held the vagabonds level their revolution has been a continued performance and the world is tired of the play.

Again he tells how the whole people would, were their land invaded, fight for their homes, which is grandiloquent, but does not conceal the fact that the homes of nine-tenths of them—though theirs is one of the richest lands on earth—are not, on an average worth thirty dollars a piece.

Then we know of no power, unless it be Japan, that wants their country, but all the world would be glad to see the bandits that are playing smash there put down and a decent and just government inaugurated.

And this is liable to come before so very long, for Mexico has many foreigners within her boundaries that were invited there and promised full protection. And while "the mills of the gods grind slowly" after the power is turned on, "they grind exceeding small."

Huerta tells how the whole people would fight were the land invaded. That statement can be largely discounted.

A people of whom quite fifty per cent do not certainly know who their own fathers were, cannot be depended upon when real war confronts them.

Tempted Fate

THE Cunard company trusted to her lockouts, her speed, and her bulkheads for the Lusitania's safety. The belief was that she could run away from any threatened danger, that falling,

that not more than one compartment could be filled in case she should be struck by a torpedo or run upon a mine.

All calculations failed. As big a ship as she was should have double sides or longitudinal bulkheads. But why was she running off the coast of Ireland without a convoy? England has for years claimed to have as many war ships as any other two nations. Threats had been published that the Lusitania was to be sunk. Why was she not met off the coast of Ireland by two swift cruisers and escorted by them to her anchorage? There were no warships, no submarines, no aeroplanes on guard. Of course criticism is easy, especially after a thing has happened, but it is difficult to understand why, when danger is threatened, and all ordinary precautions against it are not taken.

Worth Considering

HAVE our city commissioners ever considered the feasibility of increasing the city's water supply by tunneling the Cottonwood hills. They have considered the surface indications and looked out for reservoir sites, but have they ever made any calculation on what a deep tunnel would cost and the probable amount of water it would supply? There is another feature.

Because of the location of the city in this cul de sac, they get about twice as much smoke as any other people do under like circumstances.

By and by, when that power called electricity shall be brought under a little better control, there will be a demand for it to cook the food, do the washing and ironing, warm the houses and run the machinery of the city. When that time comes—and it is not so far away—a great water-power up in the Cottonwoods will be a decided asset.

There is still another feature. One first class silver-lead mine is worth more to the business of a city that obtains its patronage, then a township of agricultural land. It is not impossible that were the veins of the Cottonwoods drained, there would be work enough opened there

to double the size of Salt Lake City. Sometime the commissioners ought to take an afternoon off and consider this matter.

Is Their Any Watch For Them?

THE increasing dangers of ocean travel will send more and more eastern people west for their outing this year.

Many such people will have an eye out for business and for opportunities to make investments. Many of them are already nursing a thought that possibly they can pick up a snap in the west through which they will be able to pay the expenses of the trip. Some, on the quiet, will be looking for permanent investments.

Are any arrangements made to meet such people and show them what may be done?

Are the realty and mining men on the alert to accommodate such comers?

It would be a pity to have that kind of money burn holes in the pockets of owners just because no good opportunities for spending it are presented.

There was something akin to prevision in the statement of Woodrow Wilson's in a public letter of October 19, 1912, when he said that under the new freedom "American industry would have a new buoyancy of hope, a new energy, a new variety." How true the words have proven to be! Where American industry formerly had the buoyancy of prosperity, it now has the "buoyancy of hope." Having enjoyed a period of rest from normal activity, it has a new energy awaiting the return of Republican opportunity. And certainly there has been something new in the variety of experience through which American industry has passed. Fortunate it is that American industry never loses hope and the American people never lose the right to vote.

The expressions from Roosevelt who has been raving like a crazy man ever since the Lusitania massacre, cause one to thank Heaven he is not in the same position he once was.